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ROGERS'S AFTERMATH.

Mills Whittlesey shot himself in his office in the First National Bank building at Trenton because he was unable to provide properly for his sick wife. Mr. Whittlesey had been a teacher and an author. Sixteen years ago he went into the life-insurance business. Until the past year he was successful and earned a good livelihood. Since the insurance investigation his business fell off. He was too old to begin again.

This news summary gives the facts of one of the many tragedies which a few high financiers in New York City have caused. That they



might use trust funds for syndicates and promotions, that they might divert the savings of the people to their own selfish aggrandizement, that they might make themselves rich regardless of the misery to others, they almost wrecked the great, beneficent institution of life insurance.

It would be thought that when exposure came, when their iniquities became public, they would have slunk into hiding and effaced themselves.

The opposite is the fact. Instead of penitence and restitution they seek to renew their opportunities for theft, and they are now using methods to re-elect themselves which would shame a Tammany or a Quigg primary. For no political boss takes the trust funds of widows and orphans to furnish his corruption money.

There are 70,000 life-insurance agents in the United States. Upon them most heavily falls the discredit of the McCurdys, the Perkinses, the Hydies and their kind. Most of these agents are paid commissions like the salesmen of other commodities. They are as a class hard working, reputable and able.

The Mutual Life has for many years had Henry H. Rogers as chairman of its Agency Committee. This committee is now discharging all agents of the Mutual Life who will not pledge themselves to support the Rogers ticket and who do not secure votes and proxies for the re-election of the McCurdy trustees. In other words, these agents are to be deprived of their livelihood if they do not become involuntary accomplices of Henry H. Rogers and George F. Baker.

Many of these agents like Mr. Whittlesey have wives and children of their own. Almost every agent is himself a policy-holder. He is one of the owners of the fund of which Henry H. Rogers is a trustee.

The Armstrong laws provide an official election for trustees of these companies. Such an election is legally as sacred as a primary or general election. Intimidation and bribery at elections are felonies. Is there no public official faithful enough to his trust to treat Henry H. Rogers and his Standard Oil gang like the Monk Eastman gang or any other set of thugs engaged in destroying the sanctity of the ballot?

A PIKE'S PEAK CENTENNIAL.

It is the centennial of Pike's Peak. All who care to go to the mountain may help in the celebration, which begins to-day and will continue through the week. There are to be camps of Government troops, Indians of various tribes, a Colorado Day, a Pioneers' Day with allegories of '49 and fireworks from the summit.

Although Pike's Peak was discovered in 1806 by Lieut. Zebulon Pike, its fame dates from the middle of the nineteenth century. It was by the gold-seekers of '49 that the motto "Pike's Peak or bust" was handed down to an enduring place among the phrases of the nation. For having inspired this terse expression of the pluck which went into the opening of the further West the mountain is entitled to every honor of its centennial.

Pike's Peak is not the highest of the Colorado hills, its 14,108 feet being surpassed by Mount Harvard's 14,325, Gray's Peak's 14,341, Mount Lincoln's 14,297 and the elevations of Long's Peak, Mount Princeton, Mount Yale and Uncompahgre. None of these higher summits, however, has furnished a national motto. It is left to Pike's Peak to accent the great American idea that to the pioneer in the interests of "manifest destiny" there is no obstacle which is insurmountable.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Those Small Postals.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I claim the privilege of asking the public how it is that the Post-Office clerks sell us a postal-card diminished or decreased or reduced by about one inch on the length and by about one-third of an inch on the width? Is Uncle Sam getting greedy, stingy or crazy? Really there is something wrong on that score! This postal I am writing on looks mean and miserable, while the others were barely passable! What do readers think of the matter?
P. ZEPH.

The Liberty Light.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Has the Statue of Liberty been lighted ever since it was built? If not, when was it not lit and for how long a period of time?
C. V. E.

What Career?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a bright, ambitious young man of seventeen and am undecided as to the employment I should seek. I have long been contemplating a legal career, but have been advised by friends not to attempt it as they say the profession is too crowded and counsel engaging in a mercantile line of business. Will some experienced readers advise me as to the proper course to pursue? I should be greatly interested to hear both sides of the question.
"PERPLEXED."

Conductor's Refused Money.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Readers, by what right or under what law, if any, has a conductor to refuse money that has become somewhat smooth, but on which the date and the Godless of Liberty are plain? I gave a conductor a 10-cent piece as our fare, and he refused to take it on the ground that the railroad company would refuse

to receive it from him. By what right has a railroad company to make a distinction in money?
A. A.

"Direct Distribution."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Every once in a while there comes up a discussion about Socialism. While this is going on, concentration of capital, parades, and with it the direct distribution of merchandise by the manufacturers. Everybody knows that by letting things have their own course you will have direct distribution. When you have direct distribution then production and distribution will be one, and that is Socialism.
C. C. DUFFLEY,
Pleasantville, N. Y.

A Carpet Puzzle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can any one furnish the solution to the following problem. A room is 10x12 feet. What is the longest strip of carpet, one yard wide, that will stretch from diagonal corner, the corners of the carpet touching the sides of the room?
H. J. HIDDLE.

Salaries and Credit.

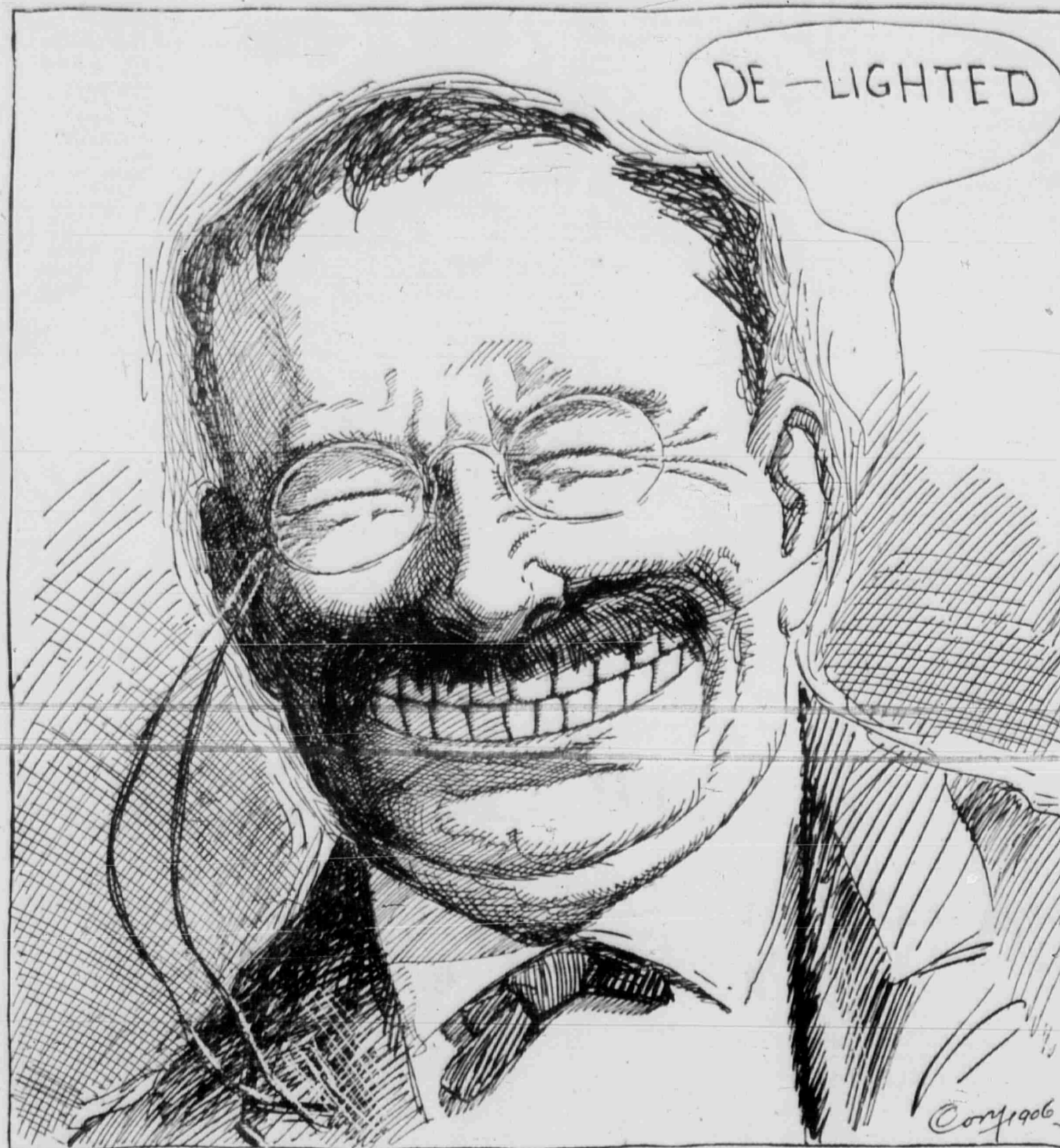
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have just heard a discussion which leads me to believe that no salaried man is entitled to credit. If he buys goods on credit the only assurance of payment he can give is his salary. That salary is liable to be stopped at any time, leaving him unable to pay. If salaried men were refused credit, we'd see fewer men extravagant, fewer bowed down under debt, fewer living from hand to mouth. Bank accounts would be more plentiful and larger. Buyer and seller both would profit.
F. R. LARSEN.

Laws, Written and Unwritten.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I once heard Joseph Choate say at a trial when the opposing counsel had quoted an "unwritten law." "I know nothing of unwritten laws. It is all most men can do to master and live up to the laws that are written." This strikes me as peculiarly sane and apt. In view of the recent "unwritten law" clamor.
X. L.

Composite Photo of the Saratoga Convention

By J. Campbell Cory



The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 31—RICHELIEU, the Man Who Was Greater than the King.

TRAITOR and patriot, conspirator and foe to conspiracies, priest and man of blood, soldier and Cardinal, great statesman and greater oppressor, generous patron of literature and personally a literary failure. These, in brief, are the characteristics of Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal and Duke de Richelieu, the man who held all France in the hollow of his hand for a quarter century, and who did more than his share toward changing the destiny and history of the world.

Henry IV. had quieted the quarrels between Catholics and Huguenots, had built up the nation that had been so severely battered by long civil war, and had paved the way for modern progress. But in the height of his career he had been murdered. His infant son, Louis XIII., succeeded him, and that court became his. Richelieu, the man who held all France in the hollow of his hand for a quarter century, and who did more than his share toward changing the destiny and history of the world.

When Louis XIII. grew to manhood there seemed scant chance for betterment. He was weak, dissolute, lazy, stupid, with little thought or care for his country's best interests. It was at this critical moment that Richelieu appeared on the scene.

Richelieu had been educated for the army, but on his elder brother's death, in 1606, had become Bishop of Lucon, at the age of twenty-one. But the Church except as its offices furthered his ambitions, held no attractions for the boy Bishop. Far away in Paris, glittered the gay court, and that court became his goal. Thither he went as clerical deputy for the states General, in 1614, and there he stayed. He won the interest of the Queen mother, and by her influence was made Secretary of State for War and Foreign Affairs. Barely had he begun his political climb when, owing to court politics, he was disgraced and banished from Paris. But in 1620 he returned, and two years later became Cardinal.

From thence on he was the foremost power in the State. He set to work at once toward to piece France's flimsy political fabric and remodelling it on a new basis, by execution, banishment and imprisonment he cut down the privileges and growing strength of the great nobles. He demolished their military fortresses and curtailed their feudal rights. The power thus snatched from them was added to the crown. Next he assailed the Huguenots, besieging the city of Rochelle, their stronghold and rallying place. England sent provisions to the beleaguered city, and Richelieu cut off the supply and starved out the town, forcing a surrender. His enmity to the Huguenots was purely political, for, once having crushed them, he allowed them civil and religious liberty, merely stemming their increasing political power.

By thus adding to the power of the throne and cutting away all forces that threatened to rival or weaken it, Richelieu was really strengthening himself. For he, and not the puppet, Louis XIII., was actual ruler of France. Having disposed of foes at home, Richelieu next moved to check the power of the Hapsburgs in Austria and Spain, aiding the German and Swedish Protestants in the Thirty Years' War, with a cheerful disregard to the fact that he had just tried to crush them.

In 1640, separated from Spain, Richelieu was really strengthening himself. For he, and not the puppet, Louis XIII., was actual ruler of France. Having disposed of foes at home, Richelieu next moved to check the power of the Hapsburgs in Austria and Spain, aiding the German and Swedish Protestants in the Thirty Years' War, with a cheerful disregard to the fact that he had just tried to crush them.

Meanwhile, Louis XIII. feared and hated Richelieu and would gladly have rid the earth of him if he had been able to govern France without the Cardinal, and it was Richelieu who was making his kingdom the greatest in all Europe. So Louis allowed himself to be ruled and bullied by the grim old minister, who ruled and bullied France.

The nobles whose privileges the Cardinal had curtailed, the soldiery and gallants whose duties he had forbidden on pain of death, the court and the King, all detested Richelieu. The Queen mother, who had launched him in his career, turned against him. He wrecked her political power at one blow. The nobles again conspired to overthrow or assassinate him. He cut off the conspirators' heads. The clergy and Parliament murmured at his tyranny. He put additional checks on them. Two noblemen, Cinq Mars and Thou, plotted his downfall and there can be little doubt King Louis was privy to their plot. Richelieu had the two executed, and the King dared not defend them.

With iron hand, relentlessly, yet ever wisely, this strange man swayed the destinies of France, making her powerful at home and terrible abroad, crushing out feudalism, building up a centralized royal power, conducting an incredibly brilliant foreign policy, and he was an ardent patron of arts and culture and was author of some of the most poorly written poems and dramas of his day. Yet of these literary efforts he is said to have prouder than of his stupendous statecraft.

In December, 1642, he died, having placed France on a pinnacle of greatness that was the envy of the world. His puppet and dupe, Louis XIII. died, and the man who had so long been his master and who had made him reign famous, died a few months later, leaving a son—Louis XIV.—whose future greatness was largely due to the achievements of that relentless genius, Cardinal Richelieu, the man who was greater than the King.

PERCY, THE FLIRT. HE TELLS ABOUT IT.

By Ruth Earle.

"DON'T think it's any fun proposing to a girl, unless you intend to give her a ring if she accepts you—just as if you were desperately in earnest. I always intend to. And I have five diamond solitaires in circulation, so I usually can."

"Millicent Jones has had my carat and a half brilliant for three months. She accepted me at her college graduation prom. I remember proposing to her in sort of a rose garden. It was really very nice. Well, she kept my ring all summer—just to jolly some co-ed. chap that was rushing her. I thought it rather stingy of her, for she might know a fellow can always use a ring like that in the summer time. But last Monday she sent it back with a note about it all having been a 'hideous mistake'—our engagement, she meant. She's to marry the co-ed. Christmas time."

"I was calling on a new girl—very striking brunette—that night, and the ring felt sort of heavy in my pocket. I slid up her third left index and decided it would take a six—that's what I had—that carat and a half is set in—so I suggested we go up on the roof and look at the stars."

"The brunette lives in an apartment—too small and soul-cramping in which to speak of love. But these roofs are just the thing for proposing."

"So when we were sitting in the shadow of the big water tank I begged her not to be shocked and surprised if I told her something I had been struggling in vain to keep secret."

"She promised not to show her emotion, no matter how great the blow. So I spoke."

"It is desecration to tell of it! I said, 'but I love you with my whole soul, and until you return my love I must live in wretchedness. Oh, tell me I may hope!'"

"She told me you are beginning to care!"

"She told me that not only had she begun, but had gotten well along in the stages of caring for me. We were rapturously happy."

"I took the measure of her finger in the dark, and the next morning I brought her the carat and a half. It fitted perfectly. She was quite delighted with it."

"But this morning it came back with a note to the usual effect about having learned to care for another in my absence. And you know, when I came to look the ring over it was not it at all. The setting was quite the same, but the stone is a better color. I'm sure."

"And inside is engraved: 'To My Beloved.' And I'm perfectly sure mine said: 'To My Betrothed.'"

"It looks to me as if she were beating me at my own game."

"But that doesn't worry me. I'm just wondering whom I shall give it to next."

"To My Betrothed."

"To My Betrothed."

"To My Betrothed."

"To My Betrothed."

THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

By Way of Prologue to Hall Caine's Thriller, Which Revolves Around a Cow Instead of a Stork.



more decorous bird of literature, Minerva's good old respectable owl.

DEAR MR. HALL CAINE: Cables from London advise with the success of your latest play, "The Bondman." It is a long time since you have written a successful play, and those of us who witnessed "The Prodigal Son" and then wanted to wish him for coming back are glad to find the reason for your triumph was entirely apart from your play.

The production, it appears, is the last cry of stage realism. It contains a real cow that gives real milk for a real milkmaid, a real milkmaid operated by real miners. Everything real, in fact, except real Hall Caine, there being no room left for him. And thereby, perhaps, hangs "The Bondman's" success, which may even be duplicated over here.

As we high priest of literary hygiene, you have done a great many things I objected to. And the greatest of these is your guarantee of responsibility for our life affliction, the drama of pre-natal phenomena—more plainly, your attempted justification of the hovering stork for the far too decorous bird of literature, Minerva's good old respectable owl.

With the horrors of race suicide preached from the White House and the latent fear that the household bird would soon supplant the American eagle on our national shield and, worse yet, on our coins, we could not be expected to give up H to see it flap its wings, as it did most alarmingly all through "The Prodigal Son."

I hope "The Bondman," with all its realism, does not contain a real baby. Babies are nice in their homes, where they belong. But I don't like them on the stage.

You said once that American audiences simply feed on love. In its sentimental and romantic aspects we do—but for its pathology we haven't the remotest use. And that is what heretofore you have insisted we should take from you. We like to see presented on our stage the development of healthy sentiment between healthy men and women, not the mawkish manderings of unfortunate neurotics or the maudlin religion of impossible crafts that you gave us in "The Christian" and "The Prodigal Son."

We have come to identify the name of Hall Caine with a literary shriek second only in intensity and shrillness to that of the caterwauling Cornish genius, whose first manuscript you are said to have spared the public for some time when you were a reader for a publishing house.

I am glad of your success, Mr. Caine. I hope it will be repeated over here. But if it is, it must be without the mawkish sentimentality you have unfortunately led us to expect from the real Hall Caine.

The Diary of a Bad Boy. By "Pop."



Stop Laughing!

First Lady—How happy the bridegroom looks! Really, it is pleasant to see a young man look so joyful.

Second Lady—Hush! That's not the bridegroom. That's a man the bride filed six months ago.—Tit-Bits.

His is a life that irritates. His trouble never ends. A-shakin' hands with folks he hates. An' turnin' down his friends. He meant to make reform his plan. But couldn't find jes' how. He used to be a happy man. You ought to see him now.
—Washington Star.

"This here," said Uncle Josh this morning, "is a blamed queer world—er, ruther, it hez er lot o' queer people into it, who no sponer get what they want than they go to grumblin' at it 'cause 'tain't just what they thort it wuz, b' jinks!"—Detroit News.

He stole a kiss. And the angry miss. "Exclaimed: 'I like your cheek!'" "That's good," said he: "I shave, you see. Each morning in the week."
—Cleveland Leader.

"John, you look after the gangplank." John—Aye, sir! "And Tom, you look after the centre-board." Tom—Aye, sir! "I'll get busy and look after the side-board."

He—I didn't like your friend, Miss Knox. She told an acquaintance of mine that I was a perfect idiot. Sue—Oh, I'm sure she didn't mean it! She knows as well as any one else that no human being is absolutely perfect.—Illustrated Bits.

"My titled marriage," sighed the first American heiress, "brought on me a countless horde." "And mine," snapped the second, "was a baron waste."—Baltimore American.

The Seven-in-Six Puzzles. Second Series—Charles Dickens.



Hidden Picture No. 1—Find Oliver Twist Grown Up.

THE EVENING WORLD here prints a hidden-picture puzzle. It will print one every day. Each picture is complete in itself, but if you will cut out and save the six pictures of each series and put them together properly at the end of the week you will be surprised to find that they make one big seventh picture that not only belongs to the group, but without which the series would be incomplete. Save the Charles Dickens series and find the seventh hidden picture.